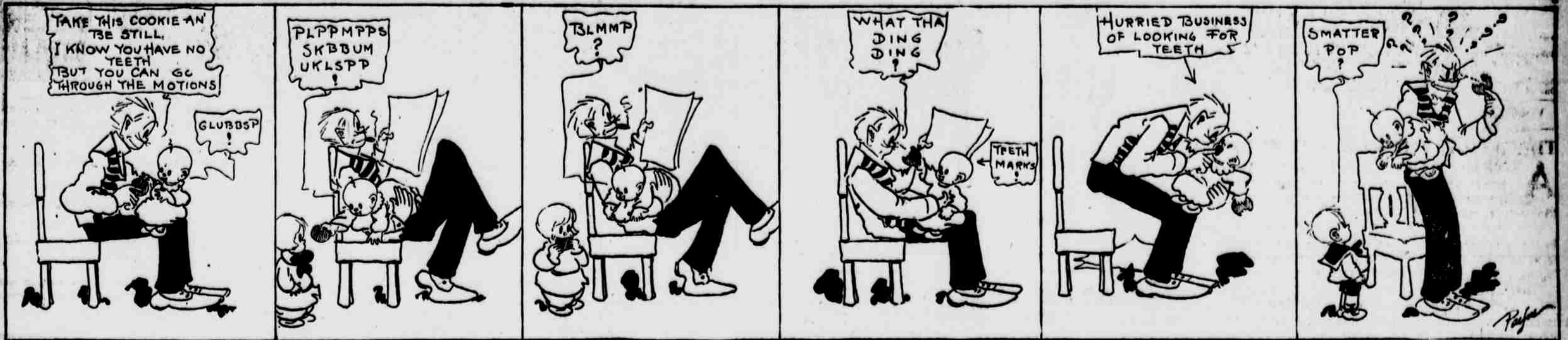


"S'Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

Collier Forever,
'Water on the Side'
May Pass.

BY CHARLES DARTON.

WHEN you step up to the bar (pardon me, the box-office) at the Hudson Theatre, you may be sure of one thing, and that is that "A Little Water on the Side" will be good for you, not so much in the way of an "aside" to a bartender as a friendly nod to Willie, alias William, Collier.

"A Little Water on the Side" may pass as a description of either the south or north shore of Long Island, but granting this much to womanly ushers who pass among us with paper cups full of overflowing wine must raise our glass to perennial toast, Collier forever! There was a time in the present season when "Who's Who?" made Collier look like the last page of a very blue book, but thanks to him and his pen-mate, Grant Stewart, the best light comedian on our stage can afford a smile or two now. All doubt of this was removed by Willie on and off the yacht at yesterday afternoon's performance. And, as any actor may tell you these days, a matinee performance is not only a test of popularity but of strength. For my part, I was almost ashamed to look Collier in the face because of the feeling that he had been sadly neglected on his opening night. "A Thousand Years Ago" had robbed him of the "notices" that he deserved. Mistakes will happen in the rush of theatrical events, but they may be corrected. That's why I am scribbling my apologies for being a day late for "A Little Water on the Side."

The plot of the piece is nothing more than a strip of shore-front, with a country store left in the hands of a prodigal son who resembles the hero in "Who's Who?" only because he is one of those back-to-the-home-town boys. He offers a choice of postage stamps, minkes cheese with crackers in his generosity, and finally wins the daughter of his dead father's life-long enemy by proposing marriage to her while she is holding the very latest baby of the village in her arms. In its simple way, "Long Island" has its advantages. As for plots—well, take Harp's plays, for example.

Meanwhile Collier addresses the more or less limited multitude from a soap-box. Apparently, he will never overcome the habit of making "speeches." He also drinks his usual number of cocktails on the pleasure boat he is cocked and ready. But he has given pleasure to call a battleship—rich circumstances make the wittiest remark in the play. Most of the humor is so simple that it might be part of a new almanac issued in the interest of liver complaint, yet the long and short of it is that "A Little Water on the Side" is a big laughing success. The important fact is that this is the best and happiest performance Collier has given since "The Dictator." By playing upon words he still indulges his old weakness, but he "plays down" as he has never done before, thereby saving himself from any other suspicion of the obvious. If he, like his friend George Cohan, would only realize that twisting words is a schoolboy trick, he might find his way out of the primary class of humor. However, you may count on his giving you any number of good laughs, skilled comedian that he is and "kiddier" that he always will be. If you are laboring desperately under a New Year's resolution don't, I warn you, look upon Charles Dow Clark when his nose is red. As the guiding lamp-light of the village temperance society is a luxurious delight. Another simple joy is to be found in the flirtatious Mamie of Mrs. Dorothy Coker, who sings as she gets in her deadly work. There should be more of her and less of the inevitable William Collier Jr., who again plays the familiar game of the juvenile grafter. Oddly enough, Grant Stewart, who helped write the piece, plays the "goat." He puts everything in the way of Mr. Collier, who in his turn takes "A Little Water on the Side" as a matter of course—if not habit.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Lovers' Quarrels.

IF two persons quarrel violently during the engagement period it seems to me that they should think very seriously indeed before bringing their flaming temperaments into the closer union of marriage.

If ever there is to be a smooth sailing between a man and a woman one time should be when they have just discovered that they care for each other. A discovery like that is so wonderful and inspiring that for a time it must banish all petty disputes and dissatisfactions. If it doesn't, every day that it is not a real discovery are that it is not a real discovery are that it is not a real discovery.

An affectionate engaged couple doesn't always make a success of marriage. But I doubt if marriage is ever successful between two persons who have proved that they cannot get on without quarrelling before the ceremony.

"M. R." writes: "I work in the office with a young man who has been paying me attentions and whom I admire and love. But I know that he has another sweetheart. Am I kidding the other girl by accepting his attentions?"

"The young man suggested to the other girl, or just a friend? The answer to that question should decide your attitude.

"R. D." writes: "A young man whom I have known only two weeks came to see me Christmas day. We had some mistletoe hanging over the door and he foolishly drew me under it and kissed me on the lips. Don't you think I have cause for anger?"

I think that the young man was presumptuous on so short an acquaintance.

"W. J." writes: "Is it necessary to shake hands with the father of the young lady I am courting every time I go to see her? I call on her frequently and her father is usually present when I enter the room."

It is not necessary, but it might be diplomatic.

His Choice.

"H. M." writes: "I have two girl friends. In answer to my questions one of them says that she loves me, the other that she doesn't know. Which of the two should I love?"

Unless you already love one or the other you'd better give up both before trying to win in your unfair attempt to win their affection.

"M. M." writes: "I am very much in love with a girl, but at present all my money is needed for the support of my mother and sister, and I cannot afford to take the girl out. Yet I hate the idea of giving her up. Please advise me what to do."

Tell the girl your circumstances. If she is the right sort and if she values your friendship she won't want you to spend money that you can't afford.

"All the World's a Stage" (and Cupid Is Stage Manager)

By Eleanor Schorer

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CUPID, manager of the stage of life, is not partial to tragedies or comedies, to farces or fairy-plays, but stages them all, with villains, cowards, adventurers and lovers, playing each his part. These plays are real life. Cupid is not only manager, but prompter and author of every romance. Those great truths which are stranger than fiction come from his pen, and the little truth in the picture is one of the strangest. It is the story of a rich Duke who loves and weds a poor peasant girl. Call it one of Cupid's fairy plays. Simplicity is entranced by Riches, and Riches finds the killing of his life's love in the candid, artless gaze of Simplicity. For the climax the hero discards his crown to prove his love.

Diamond Cut Diamond

A New York Romance of Laughs, Thrills and Treasure

By Jane Lunker

KNOWLEDGE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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CHAPTER VI.
A Prisoner.

HAD considerable difficulty in getting Mrs. Delario, and I felt every second was precious. My detective man was lurking about somewhere looking for me, and I rather guessed she had one watching her. My suspicions were confirmed, for the moment she recognized my voice she said, "I can't talk to you, in a tragic determined sort of way, and I felt her in the act of waiting up."

"Wait! There's another thing I want to know."

"No—now. How did they get through the—"

"I can't tell you."

"But I must know—it's a matter of great importance to me."

"One of those slips we bought in Paris is lost."

"No! I don't know just which day it was, but it was before you came home—maybe two days, maybe a week, and he isn't really mad in yet—only a bit of a mad."

"The gentleman is very rich, George. I hope he tipped you well."

"George was instantly enthusiastic. 'He done what! He gimme ten dollars!'"

"George stopped with a scared look that affected not to notice."

"He's good for another ten, George. If you work him right," I affirmed. Oh, you needn't be so shy! I guess I can see through a stone with a hole in it! He asked you a lot of questions about me and you don't want me to know it. You told him everything you knew."

"Well, that's right," George broke in sheepishly. "He did ask me some questions, but honest to goodness I ain't told him anything bad—I told him I was a detective and he said, 'What! I tell him, honest to goodness.'"

"He really paid you for telling him everything I went out or came in, didn't he?"

But George was suspicious and on guard at once. He threw open the car door without answering.

I unlocked my door as quickly as I could, and I didn't mean to let George think I attached any importance to monsieur. I knew enough. The man was a fellow tenant in the same house, in the flat directly under mine, and George

was his paid spy. As I shut the door I asked myself, "What next?"

Mrs. Delario was through her work and reading my morning paper. As her eyes lighted on the bulletin board, she stood up and said, "What's that?"

I thought she'd have another thing to say about all the hyacinths she could stand in one day, she told me that—and I didn't blame her, and I was anxious to be alone and think, and I felt relief as I saw the last of her faded slinky weeds, her faded slinky form, and I said good-bye to her heartily, little realizing that she was the human being who stood between me and monsieur's machinations, and that when she closed herself out, she closed me in—a prisoner.

Obviously the first thing was to take the diamonds, and a nice thing it would be to have them in the hyacinths I wasn't going to tempt fate by hanging the place. I put my fresh bunch in water, and the diamonds among the stems and threw the old bunch away.

Soon done—but my real problem lay in bracing myself so that monsieur could not get it again. Remember, he had the use of the same fire escape and the hall stairs—he could come and go in the house as he pleased.

The dumb waiter I counted out because I could easily wipe up any catch and make it impossible for any one to open the door from the shaft or pick a lock. The dumb waiter I counted out because I could easily wipe up any catch and make it impossible for any one to open the door from the shaft or pick a lock.

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"Wait! There's another thing I want to know."

"No—now. How did they get through the—"

"I can't tell you."

"But I must know—it's a matter of great importance to me."

"One of those slips we bought in Paris is lost."

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Make the Kitchen Your Drug Store

By Andre Dupont.

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3—GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE EAT APPLES.

"HOW you keep yourself so good-natured I don't see," said the Club woman to the Commuter's Wife.

"You know the old saying, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away.' I have found that it not only keeps him away, but it keeps the whole family good-natured as well. So we always have a dish full of the dining room table. And I eat one and sometimes two or three a day throughout the winter. Apples are extremely good for the digestion, as their malic acid becomes transformed within the body into alkaline carbonates which neutralize injurious acids and ward off indigestion, poor lunch she had more toast, a dish of apple sauce, made rather tart, and one soft boiled egg. At dinner she had a chop or a little of almost any kind of meat except pork, a green salad and an apple for dessert. She never touched soup, potatoes or sweets, and never drank any water until at least half an hour after eating. After she had regained normal weight she ate whatever she fancied except potatoes, even indulging occasionally in the forbidden luxury, candy; because she had learned that she could always melt off the few extra pounds thus acquired by going for a few days on a strict apple diet."

"I was reading the other day in a French Review," said the Club woman, "an article by a Paris physician who claimed that people who ate a good many apples or drank cider were immune from typhoid fever, as the typhoid bacillus can live but a very short time in apple juice."

"Then try them cooked. You must remember what is one man's meat is sometimes another man's poison. If raw apples do not agree with you, eat them baked in the form of apple sauce. Apples are also excellent for the complexion. Look at yourself in the glass after you have been eating apples every day for a month and see if your skin is not clearer, your flesh firmer and your color better. If you are a little too stout apples will make you slender quicker than almost anything else. I have a friend who lost twenty-five pounds in two weeks, and felt better and stronger than she had for years, by taking for breakfast a cup of black coffee without milk or sugar, a slice of toast with very little butter and a large red apple. For lunch she had more toast, a dish of apple sauce, made rather tart, and one soft boiled egg. At dinner she had a chop or a little of almost any kind of meat except pork, a green salad and an apple for dessert. She never touched soup, potatoes or sweets, and never drank any water until at least half an hour after eating. After she had regained normal weight she ate whatever she fancied except potatoes, even indulging occasionally in the forbidden luxury, candy; because she had learned that she could always melt off the few extra pounds thus acquired by going for a few days on a strict apple diet."

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